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Yes! by Alfred's gen'rous name,
 By laurell'd Edward's warriors brave,
 By lofty Hampden's love of fame,
 And noble Sydney's sacred grave,
 By valour's triumphs, virtue's wrongs,
 By all who struggled, fought and died,
 Shall Independence rule our songs,
 Shall freedom be our only guide.
 Long as we view yon lamp of fire;
 Long as we feel its genial ray,
 May freedom British hearts inspire,
 May honour rule with sovereign sway;
 Live Independence! reign supreme!
 Ours be thy more than charter'd plan,
 And never may we Britons deem,
 Who spurn the noblest rights of man.
London. G. D.

SONG.

MAD MARGERY.

POOR Margery sits on the shore, by the
 willow,
 And woe-worn her looks, for distracted is
 she;
 To the wind she complains, to the white
 foaming billow,
 And oft is the sea weed poor Margery's
 pillow;
 Her treasure's entomb'd in the sea.
 Poor Margery lov'd and a youth more en-
 chanting,
 Ne'er woo'd a fair maiden, or sail'd the
 salt wave.
 Their bliss to complete but a few years
 were wanting,
 For glory he left her, his tender heart
 panting,
 But soon found a watery grave.
 Poor Margery long watch'd her lover's
 returning,
 Oft fond expectation the ship brought in
 view;
 Peace at length wav'd her olive, with
 pain'd bosom burning,
 She heard the sad tidings, which chang'd
 hope to mourning,
 How his loss was bewail'd by the crew.
 Now faded's the face many a rustic call'd
 pretty;
 All sun-burnt her cheeks, sunk and lan-
 guid her eyes;
 To the loud-screaming sea-bird she sings
 her wild ditty,
 But shuns ev'ry stranger, or laughs at their
 pity,
 And weeps when a vessel she spies.
 At her breast hangs the token of love,
 giv'n at parting,
 Which daily she washes with love's pain-
 ful tears;

Now vacantly gazing, now frantic, up-
 starting,
 Rememb'rance across her disorder'd brain
 darting,
 The voice of her lover she hears.
 No more must the morning awake her to
 gladness,
 No more her torn bosom can harbour
 sweet peace:
 Ah! poor luckless maiden! abandon'd to
 sadness,
 He who rides on the wind can alone hear
 thy madness,
 And bid all thy sorrowings cease!
Belfast. A.

HYMNS OF CHARITY.

HYMN I.

O Thou, who from thy heav'n of love,
 To man in mercy came,
 And took, descending from above,
 His nature and his name.

HUMANITY, thou sent of God,
 When earth was heard to mourn,
 To trace the steps our Saviour trod,
 And wait 'till his return.

Here, angel virtue, shake thy plumes,
 Their incense, here, impart,
 And wing the willing hand that comes
 With succour from the heart.

Faith, at thy side, shall close attend,
 And point her golden rod,
 And Hope, still bright'ning to the end,
 Here seeks her parent God.

O God, may these three graces bind
 In one resplendent zone,
 The destinies of human kind
 And hang them to thy throne.

HYMN II.

WHY did the will of heav'n ordain
 A world so mix'd with woe?
 Why pour down want, disease and pain,
 On wretched men below?

It was the will of God to leave
 Those ills for man to mend,
 Nor let affliction pass the grave,
 Before it found a friend.

It was by sympathetic ties,
 The human race to bind,
 To warm the heart, and fill the eyes,
 With pity for our kind.

Pity, that, like the heavenly bow,
 On darkest cloud doth shine,
 And makes, with her celestial glow,
 The human race divine.

Where Mercy takes her 'custom'd stand,
To bid her flock rejoice,
'Tis there, with grace extends the hand,
There, music tunes the voice.

And He who speaks in Mercy's name
No fiction needs nor art,
The still, small voice of Nature's claim
Re-echo's through each heart.

Where Pity's frequent tear is shed,
There God is seen...is found,
Descends upon the hallow'd head,
And sheds a glory round.

But Charity itself may fail,
Which doth not active prove,
Nor will the prayer of Faith avail,
Without the works of Love.

HYMN III.

O SWEETER than the fragrant flow'r,
At ev'ning's dewy close,
The will, united with the pow'r,
To succour human woes!

And softer than the softest strain,
Of music to the ear,
That placid joy we give, and gain
By gratitude sincere!

The husbandman goes forth a field,
What hopes his heart expand!
What calm delight his labours yield!
A harvest from his hand!

A hand that providently throws
Nor dissipates in vain;
How neat his field, how clean it grows,
What produce from each grain!

The noble husbandry of mind,
And culture of the heart,
Shall this, with men, less favour find,
Less genuine joy impart?

Ah...no, your goodness strikes a root,
That dies not, nor decays,
And future life shall yield the fruit,
Which blossoms now in praise.

The youthful hopes, that here expand,
Their green and tender leaves
Shall shed a plenty o'er the land,
In rich and yellow sheaves.

Thus, a small bounty well bestow'd
May perfect heav'n's high plan:
First daughter to the love of God,
Is charity to man. C. H.

'Tis he who scatters blessings round,
Adores his Maker best,

His walk thro' life is mercy crown'd;
His bed of death is blest.

CUPID'S RECOVERY.

CUPID, once, of sleep forsaken,
Pass'd each night in grievous moan,
Doctors came, and drugs were taken,
The poor child was all but gone.

Hymen called, a new physician,
Sleep, that night, his eye-lids bless'd;
The next, still better'd his condition,
And soon no boy got sounder rest.

X.

THE REVIVAL OF LOVE.

AROUND the hearse where Love was
laid

The sister Graces weeping wait,
And vainly Beauty's goddess pray'd,
With idle tears to avert his fate.

The God of Physic tries his art,
His boasted skill is useless all;
No simples can their aid impart,
No herbs his faded bloom recall.

From every side the neighbouring swains,
When publish'd was the tale of woe,
Neglect their flocks and leave the plains
The last sad tribute to bestow.

His arrows broke, his bow unstrung,
Trophies of ancient victories,
Around, in order due, are hung,
To grace his solemn obsequies.

And gloomy cypress, willow pale,
Fit emblems of departed love,
And yew that courts the silent dale,
Collected from the neighbouring grove.

The village maids with zones unbound,
Neglected tresses, weeping eyes,
Strew fragrant herbs and flow'rs around
The couch on which their favourite lies.

Among the rest, Sophia came,
And many a pearly tear she shed,
And call'd upon her darling's name,
And mournful knelt beside his bed.

She clasp'd him in her snowy arms,
And to her heaving bosom prest;
And art thou gone, she cried, whose
charms,

So oft have sooth'd this pensive breast.

For ever lost...take this, and this,
Dearest companion of our lives;
She stoop'd, and gave a parting kiss,
And with her kiss the God revives.